


Sketch Book



SPRING NUMBER 1936



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MAY, 1936

THE SKETCHBOOK

PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM SCHOOL OF
INDUSTRIAL ART

SPRING, 1936



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EDITORIAL

AFTER the lusty March winds have swept the landscape clean, and when the sun has drawn up the glittering pools of April rain, somewhere, from across the rolling emerald hills comes an eerie melody from the pipes of Pan. For the woodlands are stirring with his colorful legions—advancing armies of green—troops of flowers, birds and strange denizens of the forest.

It is May, the month of warm sunlight and dreams. The woods especially are full of dreams that scamper through the mysterious budding underbrush like elves and nymphs. Vague, haunting dreams they are, that mock our faltering footsteps and call to us in the songs of birds and in the whispering of the breeze.

The great, lazy cloudbanks that float easily across the sky are full of dreams. Theirs are the dreams of aspiration and ambition—dreams that fling our longing souls into the heavens and build up massive structures out of nothingness.

The dancing fields and meadows, too, are overrun with sparkling dreams. These are dreams of warm delight and enchanted gayety. They appear to us in the gleaming dew drops and are hummed in our ears by the droning bees, the dragonflies, and by the brilliant whistle of the quail.

Even the city street is not without its dreams. It is true that they are scattered and confused, having lost their way in a place that seems quite foreign to them, but they are dreams, nevertheless. They cry aloud in the ricocheting echoes of traffic, bounding from one office-building wall to another, trying to escape, then rushing through the hurrying crowds of people to the greener quiet of the park, only to murmur discontentedly among the dusty leaves that there are bigger trees and far more luscious foliage in the land they came from.

Down the tumbling hillside and the rocky glen rush wild and lonely dreams—dreams of unbridled freedom, passion and adventure. They frolic with the echoes among the rocks. They roar in wild abandon through the gorge and over the cataracts to be lost in the ghostly mist and writhing foam—floating like desperate wraiths among the gloomy caverns of the valley, and calling out with the voices of swirling rapids.

And where the stream becomes wider, flowing quietly between moss-covered banks and caressed by the long, green strands of willows, we find dreams of contentment—peaceful, easy dreams, having no desire beyond their own existence, for they are all in all—creation at a standstill.

No one can escape these dreams, for in May, the world is all a dream and all the world is dreaming. There are some who dream away their lives in idle fancies, but the one who understands and learns to use his dreams can mould and shape reality to his ends.

Somewhere, from across the rolling, emerald hills, the pipes of Pan are calling. They fill the woods with strange, eerie melodies that whisper all the secrets of the universe. But they are wafted to us from far across the formless gulf that divides the land of fact from the land of dreams, and it is hard for us to understand. Listen! Do you hear them? Calling . . . calling . . .

ART FOR THE PUBLIC

BY BENTON SPRUANCE

DURING a period of social readjustment, such as the one in which we are now living, existing institutions and conditions have all come in for their share of criticism. In manners just and unjust, they are aired and flayed by critics of all sorts. Some critics offer sound, constructive opinions—others air personal prejudices.

The art schools have not been spared any of the above types of criticism. Unfortunately, most of that criticism seems to have fallen into the two last categories. The most often repeated bleats are that the courses are inadequate—that the faculties are made up of people who cannot make good in the world of art, and that the present plight of the creative artist is directly traceable to the poor training he has been subjected to when attending one of these schools.

The critics expand further, saying that the art schools are entirely out of date by teaching drawing and painting to a student who will never have the opportunity to use it, since industry and the machine have relegated drawing and painting to the limbo of pleasant memory.

Now these statements simply are not true, and in fairness to the thousands of young people who are investing time and money in the several art schools throughout the country, this type of criticism must be answered fairly.

The art schools have taken, in general, a broader view of the situation than have the critics. They realize

that creative expression has always been a part of the happiness of man, and, very likely, always will be. They realize that, while external pressure may temporarily condition it to meet the rapidly changing demands of advertising industry and propaganda, there exists a deeper, more enduring demand for pictures as such.

This demand can be met only by men and women who are working free of the shifting styles and fashions of the moment.

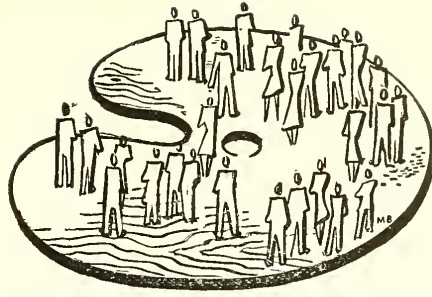
To train a person to meet this demand, it is one duty of the art schools to develop in a student a vocabulary, a technique and a spirit that will aid him in his own mature expression.

An inquiry into the curricula and faculties of the larger schools will convince one that this duty is being performed in a sound fashion.

Another duty of the art schools is to teach the student to adapt that vocabulary, technique and spirit—to the commercial demands of the industrial world. But the student must be made and is made to realize that the industrial world can absorb only a certain percentage of those who study art—and then only after an apprenticeship as rigorous and as exacting as in the non-commercial fields of expression.

An inquiry similar to the one above will convince one that the schools containing these courses are performing this duty in a like fashion.

But a defense of the art schools will not answer the questions. In spite of



the training the student receives—in spite of the public's need for pictures, in spite of industry's use of a number of fine artists, the artist's condition has been a desperate one. In recent years, a large part of the blame may be laid to the depression—the woes of which we have all experienced, but the blame must in the larger part be put at the feet of the artist himself. Largely it is because the artist has failed to comprehend the situation—and failing that has made no adjustments on his own part to meet it.

I mentioned above that man has always demanded pictures. Before the days of reproduction processes, the only pictures that one could get were originals. They may have been religious picture cards—playing cards—or altar-pieces, but they were original works of art. They were usually purchased directly from the artist, and for a modest price (except in the case of the altar-pieces). They were bought not because the purchaser was gambling in names or buying masterpieces for investment, but because they were the only means of filling the ever present need of a picture. Good taste was no more ram-

pant then than it now is and the esthetics of the thing was a quality that did not enter into the bargain as a general rule. Some one just wanted a picture; the artist supplied it and was paid for it. Thus, the artist filled an active place in his community by supplying a demand.

Now all this is changed. The same need for a picture exists and that need is met. By the artist? Hardly. Instead, by the tabloid, the rotogravure, the photograph, the Sunday supplement.

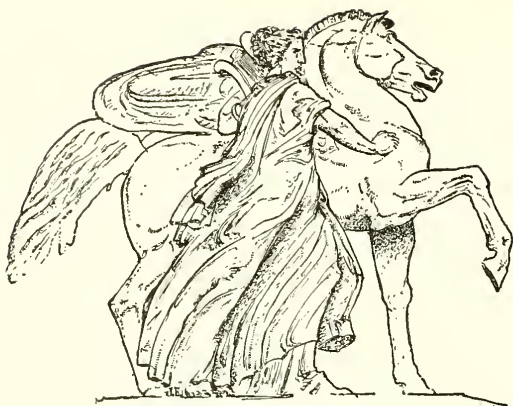
To illustrate—in an 18th century barber's shop, one might find on the walls a painting or two, some gay engravings or etchings and an elaborately painted sign of the trade. In the 20th century barber shop the pictures are still there. But are they originals? More likely they are the beauty that goes with the calendar, a rotogravure portrait of President Roosevelt and a photograph of Joe Louis in action. As I said, the pictures are still there, but the artist is left out in the cold.

This is not the consumer's fault. His taste is pliable, he has few prejudices—he would gladly buy originals were they available and cheap enough for his

Continued on page 30

Our readers will remember that in the last issue, the "Sketchbook" published an article by Charles T. Coiner, Art Director at N. W. Ayer, in which the author somewhat condemned art schools as being inadequate training grounds for the commercial field. The article by Mr. Spruance, a member of our own faculty, was written to refute the opinion of Mr. Coiner on this point. We should like to mention that the "Sketchbook" will always be glad to publish both sides of any controversial question.

THE EDITOR.



SPIRIT OF '76

curios”!

Had I not been in search of an example of Early American coaches, which I believed to be there, I might say that nostalgia impelled me to visit the Hall recently. I remembered one excellent coach that stood at the foot of the stairs leading to the basement, but to my surprise the lower chambers were dark, and the vehicles had moved into their new home, the Franklin Institute. (I had been there and made drawings of a coach, perhaps the very same old acquaintance.)

Strange! My enthusiasm had been keen, yet disappointment didn't now occur. For there was still that marvelous scale model of Imperial Rome. There were beautiful though much-faded Japanese drawings, cases of ancient weapons; some early 19th century French pistols in their leathern case. I had made a drawing of them with some fidelity about six years ago which aided me in winning my first prize: a memorable accomplishment, and cause enough perhaps for occasional nostalgia.

These are a few of the old “notables”, my “teachers” as it were, who knew I'd someday come again to see them in a different light, more as they are.

But, look! was that not Eakins, there through the glass doorway? Too late! The sunless day was nearly ended, and he had withdrawn. I had but a glimpse of him brushing through a gray-blue curtain into the darkness of an inner

MEMORIAL HALL, the only memorial to Philadelphia's Centennial Exposition, was established in 1892 as a possible Municipal Art Gallery. Sometime later the Pennsylvania Railroad built one of its largest engine houses nearby at 44th and Parkside. Those who know both places will be likewise inclined toward linking them together. And whoever would venture to Memorial Hall, will surely sense, perhaps through the nose, the presence of the engines in front of the museum. In winter a gray snow-covered earth will result from the sooty exhalations of hundreds of invalid iron-horses that pass in and out of the circular hospital. In spring the blossoms round-about take on a neutral hue, and never is the grass fresh blue-green in summer.

Of the two contestants for importance the round-house is occasionally victor, causing the hall's retirement over long periods. They say economic reasons keep it inactive, but that statement brings only menacing guffaws from the throats of victorious locos, adding to the structure's plight. I was surprised in reading that “here is installed the Pennsylvania Museum of the School of Industrial Art . . . a treasure house of industrial arts, paintings, antiques, and

By JOHN B. EVES

room. In the long interval since my last visit I had become acquainted with Géricault and Delacroix, and was surprised to find them represented here. And l'Hermitte! Both his great work in the Metropolitan and his powerful suggestiveness are brought to mind in this smaller though no less admirable picture. His work has that "welcome accessibility" which arouses interest, and yet, you know, can only be attained by work and a quality of mind.

And there in a room of Dutch craftsmen is a Rubens painting of people and still life. It leaves you exhausted. The others in this room approach his level, and because it is the only room so far that tends to wear you down, you begin to realize that you're in an art museum. There is not too much of this, for space is limited and choices are excellently varied. Incomplete you say! Somewhat, but worth seeing certainly, and ready for all comers. The "Great" to be sure are often cloistered in a private collection and thus remain unknown, so we must make comparisons under these limitations.

If you long for the "Great" come with me. Here in an adjoining gallery are two of Tiepolo's paintings. They are small but not unlike his masterful drawings in their seeming facility, although they miss in expressing the subject for they are not as clearly competent in manner. And what will you think of the early Italians working so much after El Greco's conception

and color? Even more amazing is it to find his "Crucifixion" hanging in this obsequious gallery. It used to hang in the Parkway Museum; then it disappeared. Henceforth, look for your discarded favorites here.

In Memorial Hall there are enough Religious paintings in the category of the Johnson collection to cause you once more to wonder at the number the world must hold. If you can get beyond their usual ghastliness you may appreciate their power—perhaps their ghastliness is their power.

I've just skimmed over the surface and plunked to the bottom somewhere short of the shore unless I've made it evident that there is a lingering world of great art in that old Hall, that it is a kind of place that is instructively entertaining. You know: the sort of institution wherein learning is such a delight that one does not realize it is taking place.

Nowhere will you find a finer, more hospitable group of works of art. You feel that they know the effect of appreciative admiration and have about them a glimmer of the pride arising from being in fine company. Surely theirs is the function of existing in an active manner not unlike their creators. With this as their destiny, and being now aware of their domain, why not purge the surface thing, the drabness of place and surroundings, and become acquainted with the more vital thing that is Memorial Hall?

CRAFTSMANSHIP OF PAINTING

F. W. WEBER

THE history of art has been directly influenced throughout the various schools of painting, among other things, by the materials available to the artists. During each period, we find the artist keenly feeling the limitation of his materials and in striving to give expression to his artistic creations, seeking and developing new media. Even today, with the more or less rapid advance of chemistry and physics as sciences during the last 100 years, it has not been possible to develop an ideal medium serving the emotional demands of the painter. Today, we are indebted to the industrial paint chemist for a selection of brilliant, permanent and durable color pigments, far exceeding in numbers the palette of the painter at any other time. In fact, it is just this which causes the artist to run into technical difficulties. If he is not somewhat acquainted with the properties of the pigments he uses, he runs into trouble. The *improper use* of pigments that are chemically unalterable, causes pictures to age with loss of color, cracking, etc. Only too frequently do we find the artist condemning the materials he used. But this is seldom the true cause. Lack of even elemental knowledge of the craftsmanship and technique of painting is causing more damage in modern pictures than use of faulty materials. The pigments, oils and varnishes of today, if properly used, will yield works of art equal in every respect, in color, brilliancy and permanency of those of

any other period. Today, the artist is more fortunate than at any other time. With the very extended selection, he may readily paint in any of the methods of the early schools.

As we advance through the history of painting, from the very earliest evidence of art—namely, the wall paintings of the paeleolithic man in Altamira, Spain, through the early Egyptian, Assyrian, Phoenician, Mycean, and later Grecian painting, we find not only an exceedingly limited palette of colors, but also a very elementary or primitive craftsmanship. At first, we find glue size, later eggs and wax used as painting mediums, then oil and bitumen used by the Byzantines as varnish over glue, egg and wax paintings. It was this practice which caused the darkening and destruction of many of these paintings.

Throughout the four main periods of art, we find the artists' implements, painting grounds, pigments and mediums evolving from the primitive to the establishment of such sound techniques as tempera and true Buon Fresco by the Florentines, and a mixed oil-emulsion technique by the Flemish, the influence of which is evident through to modern painting. The study of the chemistry, physics of light and color of these early techniques shows what remarkable craftsmen these painters were, when one considers that chemistry or physics had not yet been developed as a science. And yet, we often hear the contemporary painter

excusing his own technical deficiencies, stating that the Old Masters had better materials with which to paint. The Old Master had neither the large selection of durable products at the disposal of the modern painter, nor the chemistry and physics commonly known today.

In the days of the guilds, the student served an apprenticeship, spent through several years of rigid training, having assigned to him the duties of preparing and refining pigments, oils, mediums and varnishes. But in the last half of the 19th century, industrial chemistry began to develop a wide range of very brilliant, tempting colors, many of which were offered under fanciful names, hiding the true identity sometimes of dangerous, fugitive colors. The artist, welcoming the severance of this uninspirational phase of his profession, used untried and recently developed colors indiscriminately. As a result, men like Sargent, Whistler, Eakins, who

are representative of their period, have left some paintings whose souls have departed in an amazingly short time. Laboratory research has definitely shown that only in very few isolated instances are such changes as darkening, cracking, yellowing, etc., caused by faulty material but are directly traceable to faulty craftsmanship and lack of technical knowledge.

There is every reason to believe that the student of painting today can produce works which are every bit as brilliant and as permanent as the paintings of any former period, if he will only give some thought and study to the mechanics of paint. With the materials at his command, the modern painter has only to choose his pigments carefully, and to acquire a knowledge of the action of oils, varnishes, glazes and other details of his craft, in order to feel confident that technically his paintings will be as fine as any in the world.

BY LAMPLIGHT

The lamplight falls in soft, white glowing plane.

My thoughts are scattered and my mind beset
With endless things I ponder while I let
The minutes drop around me. As the rain
Slips from the eaves and gurgles in the drain
I see the world and love it, shining wet.
The glistening trees are bare of leaves and let
Soft, misty shafts of light up from the lane.
My thoughts are calmer now; I've watched
the night

And heard its endless mutter. As it falls,
The rain is cheerless and I'm glad to keep
My place where I can see the lamp's soft
light.

I sense the mute protection of four walls,
And tired now, I heedless sink to sleep.

BETTY SUMNER



Decorations by
Irving Penn



THE SOUP-PREME

BY WALDO SHELDON

SUPERB STUDIO OF COMMERCIAL ART
1330 ELM ST., PHILA., PA.
FEB. 4, 1936

ZENITH ADV. CO.
46 LINCOLN PL.
DETROIT, MICH.
GENTLEMEN:

I am submitting for your inspection a portfolio of advertisements for the Supreme Soup Co., whose account you have. Kindly note the superb quality and realism of the paintings. We went to great pains to achieve this result—namely, keeping the soup hot while it was being painted. Joe (that's my kid brother), almost wore out a pair of shoes running back and forth to heat the soup every twenty minutes. Afterwards we ate each kind and it certainly was delicious.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Yours truly,
Ellwood Truman, Pres.

ZENITH ADV. CO.

INTER-OFFICE MEMO.
FROM—WM. GANS, ART DIRECTOR
TO—HERBERT J. CROSS—REMARKS

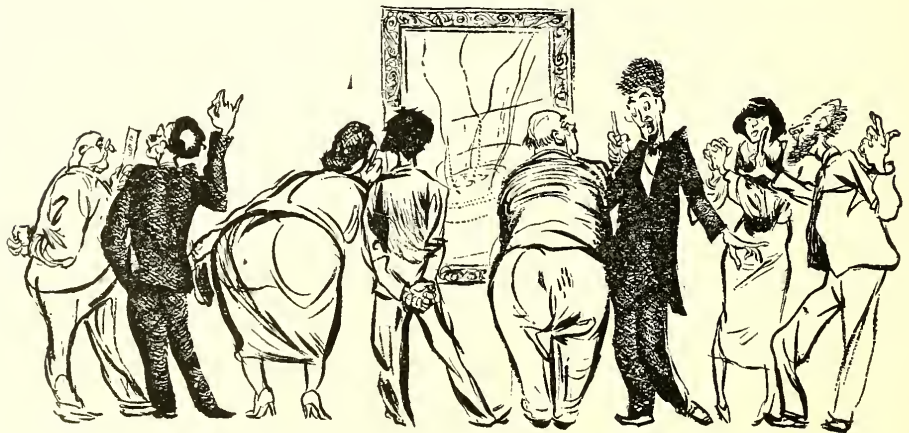
Herby, take a look at the museum pieces sent to us by the "Superb Studios of Commercial Art" (File No. 76AA3), and write the kid who made them a nice letter so he won't get too discouraged. Only, for Pete's sake, don't tell him to try again.

Bill.

SUPERB STUDIOS

DEAR BETTY:

Well, darling, like you suggested, I sent off some of my work to the people who do the Supreme Soup ads, and I expect to hear from them any day now. It's about time they put out some decent advertising. How people can stand those kewpie-dolls they use for a trade mark, I don't know. I'll bet you even had enough taste to dislike them before I taught you all about Art. Of



SACRIFICE

ILLUSTRATED BY JACOB LANDAU



course, I had to sacrifice some of my principals in order to make the kind of paintings they need. To my mind, a good, realistic bowl of soup will make anybody hungry for it—so I did my paintings in a very academic way.

Joe and I ate the three cans of soup after we finished, and it was so terrible that it gave us stomach aches. It certainly must be punk soup, because we hadn't eaten since the day before, and we sure were hungry.

Well, I sort of dashed off a canvas with the paint that was left on my palette, trying to reproduce my nausea after that rotten soup. I did it as sort of a joke to amuse Joe. When the thing was finished, I thought it had pretty good color and design, and it really did create a nostalgic mood, so I'm going to call it, "The City Dump", and send it along with my "Flying Soul" to the Modern Art exhibition at Rockefeller center. It would be wonderful if one of them won a prize.

I am going to send them under a different name this year. I think the reason I was rejected last season was because some one found out I was the "Superb Studios of Commercial Art", and you know how those judges feel about advertising artists.

Well, sweetheart, keep up the good work at the hospital, and you'll be a nurse before your father, ha, ha!

Love, Ellwood.

ZENITH ADV. CO.

TO SUPERB STUDIOS OF COMMERCIAL ART.
MR. ELLWOOD TRUMAN, PRES.

DEAR SIR:

Your canvases and layouts of Feb. 4 have been received and duly considered. While the work is in itself highly meritorious, we regret to say that it does not meet our present needs. It is not the policy of our clients, the Supreme Soup Company, to use such a *usual* type of advertising. Might we suggest that the excellent technique employed in your paintings would be better adapted to some form of fiction illustration?

Yours truly,

Herbert J. Cross,

ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR.

A.W./H.J.C.

SUPREME SOUP COMPANY,
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

ZENITH ADV. CO.

ATTENTION: MR. W. J. FLAHERTY, PRES.

DEAR SIR:

After serious contemplation of the facts, we have come to the conclusion that our recent decrease in sales is due to faulty advertising. But for once—maybe—the fault isn't yours. You have always carried out our stuff in the true Supreme Soup style. But I think the public is getting tired of it.

What I want now is something so sensational, so startling, that it will put the words "Supreme Soup" in every mouth in the country. And incidentally, the soup, too. It's going to be a grand new campaign, and if it's good enough, we might even allow a little more for advertising on this year's budget.

Sincerely,

Ogden Ginsberg, Pres.

ZENITH ADV. CO.

INTER-OFFICE MEMO.

FROM—WM. GANS, ART DIRECTOR

TO—HERBERT J. CROSS, ASSISTANT

Herby, I'm going crazy trying to think up ideas for W.J.'s new campaign. Me, I'm supposed to be an Art Director, but W.J.'s new copywriters are no good, so I have to propound aphorisms for dear old Supreme Soup. I'm getting to the point where I half expect him to like anything that's absolutely awful. Do you remember a kid named Tulip or Truly or something, who sent us some fine-art portraits of the soup a few days ago? See if you can get them back. It's a long shot, but a last straw.

Bill.

SUPERB STUDIOS

DEAR BETTY:

Well, honey chile, it seems as if tough luck is just dogging my footsteps. First of all, the Zenith Advertising Co. sent back my soup paintings, which made me feel very despondent. The darn things weren't any good to me, so yesterday I started scraping the three canvases so that I could use them over again. I had just put paint-remover on the third one, and sort of rubbed it with a rag, when Joe came running in with a letter. It was from the Zenith Advertising Co., and they wanted my paintings back on approval

—immediately. And I had just scraped two of them, and practically ruined the third. Well, I'm sending it off, anyway, even if it is all out of kelter now, because I am so despondent I don't care what happens. Joe is down at the express office as I'm writing this. He is shipping off the ruined soup, and my two canvases for the Modern exhibition. I am sending under the name of Svengali Czwyk—because that sounds as if it ought to win a prize no matter what kind of canvas it was signed to. Be good, darling—and don't worry. My tough luck can't last forever.

Great big juicy kisses.

Ellwood.

ZENITH ADV. CO.

INTER-OFFICE MEMO.

FROM—WM. GANS

TO—HERBERT J. CROSS

You can stop worrying about the Supreme Soup campaign, Herby. The old man got the dizziest idea from a couple of paintings that came in yesterday, but it's just screwy enough to be sensational. I'll see you at lunch and give you the details.

Bill.

From the Art Section of the New York Times, Feb. 17, 1936.

. . . the prize winning canvas of the show stimulated more sensation than any one painting in this exhibition has ever done before. It is a still life of a bowl of soup by an unknown artist named Ellwood Truman. The line, color and chiarascuro are magnificently carried out. Already artists are hailing Truman as an American Van Gogh . . .

SUPERB STUDIOS

DEAR BETTY:

So many things have happened that I hardly know where to begin. I have

run into piles of good luck, and all because of a careless mistake of Joe's. He sent my distorted bowl of soup to the exhibition, the "City Dump" and "Flying Soul" to the Zenith Advertising Co.

Zenith accepted my canvases, and are using them in a campaign to show the difference in sensation *before* and *after* eating Supreme Soup.

That sounds like funny advertising to me, but it will certainly make people talk about my paintings. And I have a commission for six more of a similar kind! You probably read in the paper Sunday how I won first prize at the

exhibition.

Darling, I have fame and fortune at last, and all at once!

Tubes of love,

Ellwood.

MISS BETTY RANDOLPH
MADISON HOSPITAL
NEW YORK CITY

DEAREST ELLWOOD:

Just a quick note to ask a favor. I know how you are about ideals and truth—but for mercy's sake, darling, don't go bungling things up now by telling anybody that the "before" painting on the new Supreme Soup ads was done *after* eating the darned stuff! . . .

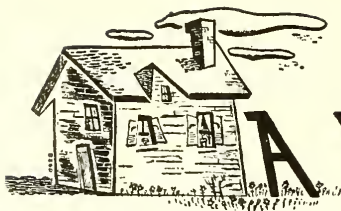
CONGRATULATIONS!

WE have reserved this space to give a little credit where credit is due, for in this struggling world of ours, a little credit now and then is relished by the best of men. (We are not talking Finance, though even there the maxim still holds.)

First we should like to congratulate Samuel Feinstein, famed fourth year student who captured the Philadelphia Sketch Club medal this spring in the annual exhibition of oil sketches. We are sure this is the beginning of a brilliant career in painting for Mr. Feinstein.

And of course we cannot neglect to mention Henrietta Jones, also of fourth year. The fact that her drawings were selected as one of the ten best groups in the nationwide Limited Editions Club contest is perhaps the biggest thrill of the year. She still has a chance of winning a prize, and we're all hoping.

Last, but by no means least hearty are the congratulations we extend to William Craig Smith, a first year student who won third prize in the Art Alliance stage design contest. He made a model of a set for "Bluebeard" with the assistance of Ronald Hower. Mr. Smith's work in stage designing has already come to the attention of important members of the profession.



A NEW SLANT

FOR quite some time now I have been interested in looking for *les maisons vieilles Americaines*. ("Looking for old American houses" to you.) Last summer, since I had the opportunity and time—you've all heard of unemployment by now—I pursued this hobby of mine with renewed vigor.

Little equipment is needed for the M.V.A. hobby. A pencil, paper (blank paper preferably), a camera if you can beg, borrow or steal one, a car or good hiking boots, a "gift of gab", and lots of nerve—the last is most essential. An entree is best procured by having some other interest besides just wanting to look at old houses. My other interest was genealogy—a safe bet since everyone has one, and no one knows much about it. My first point of contact was Aunt Ella, the oldest living member of the family and whose memory holds a veritable library of family history. It seems that great, great, eight-generations-back-great grandfather came to settle in New Jersey in 1677. Fortunately, few of his descendants inherited his pioneering spirit, and so had all settled within the confines of Jersey—in fact, for the most part, in Salem County. Our self-appointed job—there's one thing about unemployment, you can be your own boss—was to find where, how and why these descendants had lived. Strange it is that one's grave marker is the best clue to one's place of residence while alive, but so it goes. I visited cemeteries and studied grave stones. Then, fortified with a map on

which I had plotted where the old family homesteads were supposed to be, I started out.

First I stopped to get Uncle Ezra—we'll call him Uncle Ezra. He was out with Dobbin, crooning into the ears of silken corn which swayed in unison to the pulsating rhythm of his flute-like whistle—or something. Would he like to go for a ride? Would he like! Dobbin needed the rest anyway, and supper wouldn't be ready for four hours, and he didn't like to cultivate corn anymore than you do, and . . . we were off.

With Uncle Ezra as a guide, I soon arrived at Jericho where several of the ancestors had lived. This is the scene of "Bull Tavern" famed by George Agnew Chamberlain. The old tavern, built by John Brick in 1708, was destroyed about a half century ago. All that remains on the original site is two stories of the three-story annex built by John S. Wood about 1803 to take care of the increase in business. By the names of these builders, you might be led to suppose that the place is built of brick and wood, and as a matter of fact, so it is. The ground floor contained the bar, "respectfully restricted to gentlemen." The second floor was the "ball room"—wide floor boards sprinkled with corn meal or sand, the fiddlers three (or was it two), the merry "young folks." And the third floor contained the guest rooms. Across the road to the north lay the mill pond which fed the saw and grist mills, and was the scene of summer and winter sports. Down

ON OLD HOUSES

By FIRMAN BRADWAY, Evening School

the road to the south stands the mansion of John S. Wood where the "400" of that day gathered. The mansion is a two-story brick edifice built in 1801. "Ivy Manor" as it is now known makes an ideal rendezvous for those who want to get away from it all. You can throw another log on the fire as often as you like—there's a fireplace in every room.

Upon following one of the old roads along Stow Creek, we came upon a two-story house of brick laid in the Flemish bond pattern—alterating rows of "stretcher" and "header", the header of glazed blue brick. We approached cautiously, but found the owner young and amiable with no barking dogs. It developed that this was the house that had been built by an ancestor in 1700 A. D. with bricks, the legend goes, that were brought from England as ballast in ships. But some of the local kill-joys think the bricks were made of clay dug from the creek bed at low tide and hardened in the sun. We were invited to inspect the house. After watching about five minutes of our rigorous inspecting, the owner started to think we were revenue officers in disgust—pardon me, disguise. In answer to our suspicious scrutiny of a half filled pan on the living room floor, the following story came to light.

It seems that the previous year, while trying to make the house more modern, the electrician and his wires poked into the golden treasure of the owner's non-paying guests, a swarm of bees. It wasn't discovered until that night, when

the aforesaid owner was awakened, quite rudely, by the drip of something on his forehead. The "golden treasure", aged over a hundred years, had sprung a leak. It took fifteen minutes, by actual count, for the owner to realize that the only way to relieve the situation was to move the bed. And now it had been "nigh onto ten months" since the placing of that graceful urn under the spot where the honey still dripped. Eat it? Did you ever taste "slightly aged" honey that had been used as a mausoleum by bees? So have I.

Outside, the house is little changed. The buttonwood trees have lived to tower over the house like giants, and Stow Creek is slowly encroaching upon the front yard. The surrounding farm buildings are the kind that artists just love to paint. Their age makes the milking machine and the modern car within seem like anachronisms.

There are lots of other old houses I have visited. Most of them appear very much the same from the outside, but each has a history and atmosphere all its own.



NOTES FROM STUDENTS'

BY MARY E. WINSTON

AT the behest of one Donald Cooke, patient editor of ye Sketchee Booke, I promised to write a "running commentary" to accompany the sketches which enliven these pages. That which constitutes a running commentary was as unknown to me as the reason why a dog always stretches with his front legs first. In desperation, therefore, I consulted Old Faithful—not a horse but a dictionary. A commentary, it appeared, was an explanation. Well, said I to myself, I'll write no commentary, running or otherwise, for the simple reason that these lively little sketches need no explanation. They speak for themselves and for the authors of their being, and speak eloquently. No one, for instance, could imagine for a moment that Henrietta Jones's sketches had been created by a heavy-handed female with a burning passion for expressing The Things That Matter. The delicacy and humor of these quaint little figures bespeak a light touch and a gentle ironical attitude towards humanity. I don't mean to infer that H. J. ignores things that matter. She doesn't. But after all everything that is important need not be given a grim and serious treatment. The spirit of an era is important, isn't it? Lots of people spend a great deal of time writing books, heavy and otherwise, in an attempt to bring to life some period of history; but all H. J. has to do is to take a pen in that left hand of hers, wiggle it around a bit, and behold! a lady with a large hat—a lady of



Henrietta Jones



such swish and pertness that she seems to be the very embodiment of that joy of living which is supposed to be characteristic of the Gay Nineties. Or we have the checked-coat gentleman, complete with handle-bars and cane. He stands stiffly and self-consciously as tho' posing for his photograph. There is something about this gentleman which makes me think he would be glad to get away from the camera so that he might visit that particular heaven which is entered through swinging doors, a jolly heaven where he may rest his foot on a polished rail and sing, not hymns but nauseating Sweet Adelines.

Libby Lovett, another gal with a light touch, also has a talent for catching a characteristic of a bygone day. In these sketches of hers there is all the sweetness—and—light and wide-eyed innocence which goes with buttoned booties and assorted petticoats. The doves, or

SKETCHBOOKS

Pippi Lovett



Vincent Faralli

whatever they are, flying around the little girl with the bunch of flowers give a really delicious emphasis to the atmosphere of naiveté which is in that sketch and in all the others. Incidentally, the bewildered expression of that little girl reminds me of an old rhyme in which another petite enfant was found in a field, crying, by a kind old gentleman. He asked her, "Why are you crying, my pretty child?" "Oh Sir," she said, "the flowers they are wild!"

There is none of the Prunes and Prisms age about Vincent Faralli's work. The sort of demoniacal satire in these sketches of his is as far away from the little-ray-of-sunshine type of thing as the North pole is from the South. I have an idea that Vincent's particular kind of satire is the principal quality in his work which makes it individual and interesting. When he draws a face, the result, as far as these sketches are con-

cerned, is not what is commonly thought of as a human face; instead the result is rather like what Popeye would call a "monstrosiky." Vincent seems to have quite a warm spot in his heart for implements of warfare. In the sketches before me there are four swords, a villainous-looking knife, and a tomahawk, all wielded by various gentlemen who look as tho' it would be a positive joy to slice someone's gizzard or bash his head in. There is a great deal of gusto and spirit in these sketches. They have, for me, a sort of horrible fascination, particularly the odd soul with the big feet. I once had a nurse who used to tell me, with much rolling of black eyes, that if I wasn't good the bogey-man would get me. I never could figure out quite who



the bogey-man was or what he looked like, but after gazing upon this one-eyed creature in the night-shirtish garment, I need wonder no longer.

Another young hopeful with a penchant for satire is Jacob Landau. I am not very well acquainted with his work, but if the sketches spread out before me are any indication, he is interested in a variety of subjects, nationalities, and periods of history. Almost all of these sketches are simple and direct, drawn with a fluent and expressive line, and in nearly all he seems to be poking quiet fun at somebody or something. That horrendous trait of exaggerated piety comes in for quite a bit of leg-pulling in this sketch of the priest with the bony hands and so-sanctimonious expression. Then there is the picture of the Viking. I am not sure that Landau intended him to be funny, but there is something about the pin-feathers on his forearm and the odd way his legs prop him up that makes me think the wild Norseman is not being taken too seriously.

Juliette Fleche is another brush-wiggler whose sketches exhibit a sense of humor. The little girls in beflowered and be-striped jumpers who are going in for strenuous exercises on this page were sketched by Juliette in a gymnasium. She said the gym was simply swarming with young gymnasts who were trying enthusiastically to see in how many different positions they could wangle their limbs. While Juliette was sketching these brats she naturally received a lot of attention and the inevitable questions. "O-ooh, look! There's Maisie! It is Maisie, isn't it?" "And that's Sally! Look at Sally!" All

followed by the gurgles and squeals and piercing yelps which generally express infantile amusement, and which bear a strong resemblance to the chattering of Frank Buck's monkeys. I guess Darwin was right. At any rate, these sketches have a great deal of spontaneity and "go" to them. If I were still running around in rompers I'm sure that I also would squeal and gurgle with delight at the sight of them.

There is spontaneity, too, in Marcella Broudo's life sketch. These sketches of hers do not give as good a clue to her work as some of the other sketches give to their creators' work. However, this life sketch more than hints at strong, individual work, with plenty of what Sam Weller might term "wim and vigor." Marcella is usually a very serious artist, regardless of the reply she gave to the question of what thought was uppermost in her mind while working. With one of her pleasing and rather infrequent smiles she said, "Oh I don't know. I just have a hell of a good time splashing around." As a matter of fact, the question was a rather superfluous one; because when Marcella has finished a picture, it is pretty obvious what her chief thought has been, but I just wanted to see what she would say—and I got what I wanted. At the present time Marcella's preoccupation is with the ideal of progress. She apparently does not agree with those wise guys who regard progress as a lavender-scented illusion. I wouldn't know, but I think it would have to be a pretty thick-skinned wise guy who, after absorbing the enthusiasm and spirit in Marcella's pictures, could resist the impulse at least to wish that he believed in progress.



CHARCOAL DUST

Drawings by

WE sat down rather abruptly the other day and decided that, this issue, our column would be different. The most unusual thing about this was that we were able to make a decision; for one must first have thoughts in order to decide about them, and, well, you know us!

Anyway, after chewing away a dozen Venus HB pencils, we finally compiled a list of people who do *not* look alike. We realize this is a terribly radical move, but here is our little brain child:

BEA MURRAY and TOM MIX.

NONNY GARDNER and OLD BLACK JOE.

BEN GRIM and OMAR KHAYYAM.
MIDGIE FAISON and MAHATMA GHANDI.

SUE CARTER and RIP VAN WINKLE.

Just a rough idea, but it's illustrative, we hope.

We pause here to reflect that at the rate of speed Danny Redden rushed through those pictures of the history-making football game, we can probably expect exclusive shots of the Battle of Gettysburg any day now. And while we're messing around with reflections, we wonder if the gals from the League House have ever gone picnicking in Fitler Park;—or if Moessner will be a fireman when he grows up;—or if Sam Dunbar will get a muffler to go with his checked suit;—or if Quinn will ever get a new smock.

Adelaide Nelson reports that during the Van Gogh exhibition she witnessed the following spectacle:

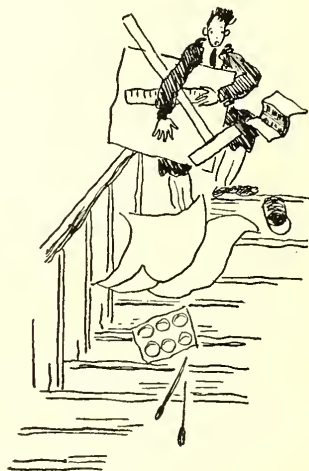
A gushing creature clad in mink

(or some other capitalistic raiment) came floating up the steps of the museum and made directly for a poor, ill-clad, sad old lady selling penny candy and stuff. The gushing creature, on reaching her destination, paused, put on her best gush, and inquired sweetly, "I say, *do* you have 'Lust for Life'?"

Blame Jack Chew for the loud noise that recently disturbed the quiet and repose of the school, for one day Chewie appeared in a shirt of screaming orange and purple. Anyone with an eye for business could have made a fortune in smoked glasses.

Bitter experience has taught Rudy Freund that Barbers' Colleges should be seen, and not patronized.

And several people have promised to scream above high C if Billie Nonamaker's fatal story of the Wooden Indian, or any of the variations that sprang from it, are repeated in front of them.



by the SCRATCHER

Henrietta Jones

And now, if you will close your eyes for a moment, we will disguise ourselves as a sports department and tell you all about our school's ping-pong and basketball games. To begin with, we haven't won any of the ping-pong tournaments, always going under a 3-2 margin, so if we sort of edge away from the subject. . . .

But when it comes to basketball, our Basketeers are there with the goods! A score of 23-11 showed the Academy that we are not to be trifled with. And we even have a sneaking suspicion that we could beat them at jackstraws.

We hope the courtyard committee will plant a couple of weeping willow trees out there; it's so darned dusty during hot weather.

Tony, the mustachioed model, gives such a homelike atmosphere to Mr. Rushton's class: the other day he posed with the sweetest little doll you ever saw.

A spectacle is the semi-annual "Freshman Confusion". It is interesting to observe it in any of its forms. Last February we caught sight of a fair example. Our subject was on his way to the supply room to lay in his Mechanical Drawing equipment. He approached the "required" list bravely, ordered the whole works. He even invested in some "futures", then made his way toward the stairs. He climbed; but halfway up, he hugged the wall to let a fellow pass, and immediately his T-square began to slip. Unusual angle. He righted it, but a check-up revealed that his expansive sheet of hot-press paper was beginning to elude his grasp, dulling its edges on the dusty stairs. He moved to seize it firmly, thus causing the charcoal paper he shouldn't have purchased to glide away. In a frenzy he dashed up the stairs to reassemble his method. A rattling to the rear pulled him up short, three from the top; he turned to woefully look on as instrument set and water bucket clattered gaily down the stairs, much in the manner of Jack and his Jill. From his general agitation we deduced that his arm had been too short for his drawing board; and at that point we felt sorry for him and went to his assistance.

One thing about Emerson Union troubles us, for he will sit in front of a beautifully posed model, and draw locomotives.

It is our personal opinion, and many feel as we do, that something should be done about Bill Wence,—in the way of loud praise and wild acclaim. Figura-



tively speaking, Bill is P M S I A's power behind the throne; he is Keeper of the Keys, Sovereign of the Supply Cell, the Hanger-upper of Exhibitions, or anything else you may think of.

For instance, an exhibit is to go on the walls: "call Wence!"; if the projection machine gets surly, "call twice", no, no! But if the model's cold, "tell Billy", or if you find a lost base drum or something, "notify Willy". If the De Medici casts refuse to sit still for Miss Hall, "Bill will fix their little feet". If you come into school some morning and find six Chinese coolies playing mah-jong in your locker, "Billy will get them all right, all right".

So you see, he's really indispensable.

Therefore, we think he should be

given some token of appreciation, say, for instance, a fly-swatter for his little office behind the supply store. Flies must bother him awfully in the summertime. Or perhaps a step-ladder, without any steps, so he wouldn't have to climb to hang those exhibits. Or maybe a fuse box without any fuses, so he could have the satisfaction of looking at it in contempt. Or something.

Come to think of it, "Wence upon a time, . . ."

And we mustn't forget the Alumni Ball. We thought seriously about it, and finally covered ourselves with mud, going as one of those irreparably bad roads Mr. Renzetti claims abound in Mexico.

LIBRARY AND ITS PURPOSE

EUGENIE M. FRYER, Librarian

A LIBRARY is a living thing. It grows, expands, broadens year by year. It is not only the repository of thought, it is a place of enlightenment, of stimulation to fresh thought and greater endeavor. Its purpose is to serve, and its usefulness is measured by the breadth of its service.

Fourteen years ago, the School Library was uncatalogued. Today there is not only the complete indexed catalogue, but also a printed catalogue, a copy of which is given to each first year student that he become the quicker acquainted with the content of the library. A diagram in the front of the book gives the key to the arrangement of books by subject. Being a reference library, the student realizes quickly that the subjects covered are confined to

those related to the courses he is taking. In entering the library, the world of his special research unfolds before him. It is the place where he can enrich his background, where he can become familiar with the art of all ages, where he can absorb and draw inspiration from the culture of the past. One must take in before one can give out. Technique is essential to expression; but unless one has something worth while to express, it is valueless.

Research is like the beginning of a quest. It leads one into endless paths of adventure never dreamed of at its beginning. A student will come in search of information about some phase of Spanish life, for example. In his search, he will, perhaps, first look for articles on the subject in the National

Geographic. This in turn will lead him to the books on costume; to the books on Spanish architecture or Spanish interiors. He will become absorbed in a book of travel, or a book on Spanish painting. Besides discovering the special material for which he is searching, he finds more and more avenues opening up. His mind is constantly getting new vistas; his sense of proportion grows; his outlook on life widens; his creative faculties become alive as never before. His imagination is stirred as he becomes familiar with life and peoples of many countries and eras. He learns to understand the reason for certain customs or styles of architecture in varied times and countries. He recognizes that they are expressions of that particular age, or are due to prevalent conditions. In his study of birds and animals, flowers and trees in the nature section, he unconsciously supplements his observations made at the Zoo or in Horticultural Hall, or in the woods and fields. A chair is no longer a mere chair. He sees it in the setting for which it was designed. So he learns discrimination and acquires a knowledge indispensable with good taste.

Last spring, a lending shelf was instituted, and has been very popular with the students. It is a miscellaneous collection of biographies, fiction, and a sprinkling of art books. The growth of this shelf is largely dependent upon the generosity of our friends, and we are always glad of contributions.

Since 1922 some eight hundred books have been added to the library, so that our collection though by no means as large as we would like, is yet of high excellence. One of our shelves we keep for books that have been illustrated by

former students. We are anxious that this shelf should constantly expand.

In all libraries, some simple rules are of course necessary; for the main purpose of a library is to afford a quiet atmosphere in which to work and study. Of these, freedom and silence, both unwritten laws, are vital to its existence. Further, the library must be for all, not for the few. In order that the library may reach its fullest usefulness to the student body, students and librarian must coöperate to that end. Freedom, not to be confused with license, is as equally vital as silence in a library, freedom to come and go, to have access to the shelves and magazines at all times. Unfortunately for the past year, depredations have been going on. Books and magazines have been mutilated, thus impairing the usefulness of the library, and depriving the students of material that by rights is theirs. If we are to maintain the freedom of the library, and so keep it at its fullest capacity for usefulness, this mutilation of books and magazines must cease. The public opinion of the students, I feel, is the most powerful force to end this abuse of privilege. To that end, I ask the cooperation of every student to put a stop to this unfortunate condition. I am whole heartedly working to keep the library so free and quiet that it may give you opportunity to fully enjoy it under conditions which can only be realized if the student body supports me in my efforts to maintain their rights. Will you not aid me in preserving the freedom of the library? The library strives to give freedom, quiet, service to all who use it. It needs the constant cooperation of the students to fulfil its purpose. Together we can increase its usefulness.

FASHION NOTES

THE SPRING FASHION SHOW SEEN BY IRENE COLDWELL

SPRING really arrived on April 28th and 29th when our loyal daughters presented their annual Spring Fashion Show at the Manufacturers Club. My friend and I were led to our seats just in time to hear the introduction by Mr. Warwick. We noticed as we looked at our program that the cover design was done by John Eves.

When the curtains parted, the stage was quite dark; then, beginning with a soft lighting effect representing dawn, the illumination gradually broke into full daylight, and through a half-opened inner curtain we beheld a huge airplane with a pilot, Fred Rothermel, and a hostess nearby. We found that the girls had just arrived in Hollywood. Miss Althea L. Rickert, who commented through the entire show told us about the twelve garments we were about to see which were made from imported fabrics. A cocktail suit designed by Kae Cole and modeled by Betty Godfrey and a lastex satin gown of light blue designed and worn by Edith Warner were two things especially worthy of mention.

While waiting for the next scene we found time to look at our programs more thoroughly and found some of the

people on the judges committee such as Mrs. George S. G. Cavendish, chairman; Mrs. John Story Jenks, Mrs. Henry Brinton Coxe and Mrs. Julius Zieget. Professional people who were selected were Miss June Roades, managing director of the velvet guild; Miss Caroline Meyer, merchandising manager of Bonwit Teller, and Miss Adelia Bird, the fashion editor of "Modern Screen." But the curtains parted and our findings were interrupted, for we were taken to Malibou Beach to a sand cafe where sports clothes were shown. One of the outstanding features of this display was an outfit worn by Georgia McKinney. Many hands had helped in the making, for the material was designed by Jacob Landau in Miss Iliff's color and design class after which Ria Bundrock and Florence Keast carried out the design in batik. Leo Surowski of the evening school designed the unique coat worn over an aqua sports dress in which we saw Miss McKinney looking her best. Next in our memory we see a model designed by Ruth Gretz and worn by Ella Yeager. It was of turquoise with a beaded yolk and a jacket trimmed with braid. Bettie Sharpe came forward in something



Decoration by Virginia Burr

smart and showed us the new culotte skirt of print pique with a brown halter. Just after the curtains were closed, Miss Virginia Beegle stepped out in an exquisite white, washable velvet negligee which she had designed.

Grauman's Chinese Theater was the background for the next display, and it was shown in evening light. Then, just as the theater was springing to life, my friend leaned over and asked if I knew who had designed the scenery. Of course I knew; the stage craft group at our school had designed it and Miss Schaill had carried out the work. It was indeed an impressive sight before us with such young men as Joseph Costello and J. Kirk Merrick in attendance and looking extremely smart in top hats and white ties. We were convinced now that some glamorous gowns would be shown and all our expectations were gratified when Edith Warner stepped out in a topaz evening gown with a brocaded evening wrap lined with chartreuse. It was designed by Leo Surowski of the evening school.

You all have seen Chintz window shades at some time or other? Well, what has Paris done now but dress

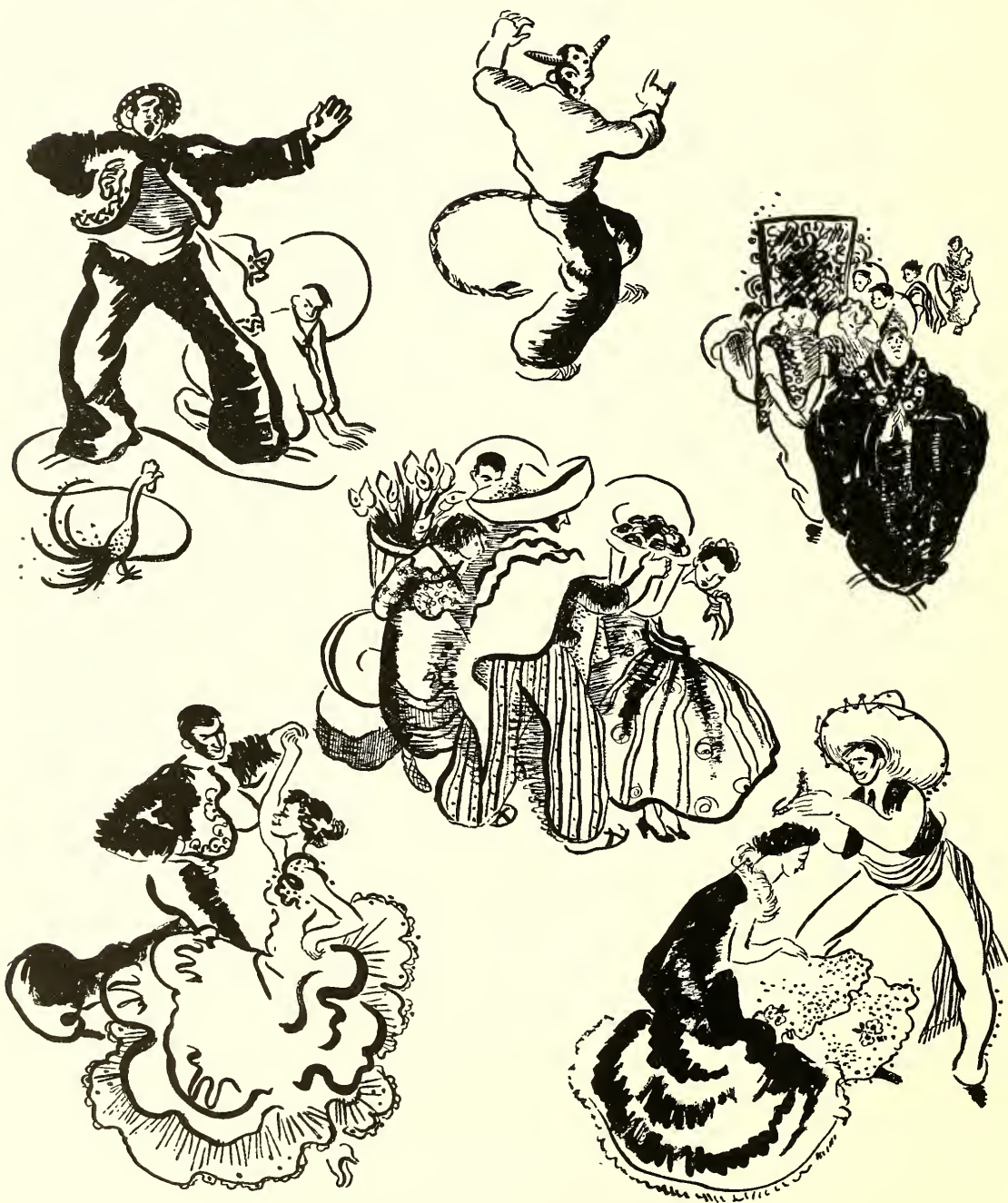
Milady in chintz! Marion Marsh appeared, looking very lovely in her blue and white glazed chintz evening gown which was also designed by her. Now we saw the successful co-operation with the Textile School, for Dorothy Rodenhauser wore a white gown and a wrap designed by Ella Yeager. The material in the wrap was designed by Marguerite Wagner of our school and woven by the Textile School. Again the curtain closed but a delightful thing happened. Ruth Conner stood in silhouette against a large, white heart and differently colored lights were thrown on her. Then, as she walked down the runway under a floodlight which showed the true color of her pink net evening gown, we almost forgot to breath again.

A rustle of excitement spread through the audience as the strains of the "Wedding March" were heard. Another second and then—yes, there they were—the two lovely bridesmaids looking like twins, for they were Ruth Gretz and her sister Mari. "Here comes the bride" said the music, and in stepped Muriel Quinn as our bride; and I challenge anyone to find a lovelier bride or a greater fashion show!



MEXICAN BALL

BY BARBARA
CRAWFORD



WHAT THE YOUNG ILLUSTRATOR SHOULD KNOW

EDWARD SHENTON

THESE are random notes, set down in no particular order of importance. A few are my own observations; most have been swiped shamelessly from the remarks and writings of abler and more distinguished artists. In combination with some degree of talent, they may be of some assistance in achieving, if not complete success, at least enough of an income to avoid the more unpleasant aspects of starvation.

Learn to be complete master of at least one medium and to be fairly proficient in one or two others. Work until your technique in that chosen medium is not only expert, but brilliant and individual.

Study carefully the various methods of reproduction by which your picture is transferred to the printed page, to understand what it is necessary to do in a picture to secure the effect desired in the reproduction.

Get a fair knowledge of type-faces, their relative weights, sizes and color; i. e., the value of the entire page of type, whether it is gray or black, solid in appearance, or broken.

Acquire a competent knowledge of layout and design. The illustrator today is more than a maker of pictures. He must understand page design in somewhat the same manner as the advertising lay-out man.

Learn to letter proficiently in at least three or four styles.

Work hard.

Beg, buy or steal all the books possible.

READ THEM.

Read history and economics and fic-

tion and fairy tales and biography and travel and adventure, in addition to all the books necessary to your technical education.

Don't read moving picture magazines.

Drink plenty of milk, get enough rest and exercise. An illustrator needs as much energy as a stevedore, if not more.

Work harder.

Look at people, draw them, think about them, talk to them; find out how they live, work, play and die.

Forget your rubbers if you will, but not your sketch-book.

Carry a sketch-book in one pocket and a camera in the other. The sketch-book is the record to emotion, the camera, fact.

Work harder and harder. Follow the ant, not the grasshopper.

Don't marry while in the freshman class.

Don't accept anything your instructors tell you as true until you think about it, unless you're planning a career as a Hollywood "yes-man."

Don't object to anything your instructors tell you until you have thought about it.

Art schools are too soft. It's tough outside the gate. Know what to expect and prepare for it before you graduate. If in doubt, ask the boys and girls who graduated two or three years ago.

Be prepared to work longer hours than a doctor and more intensively than a research scientist for a little matter of five or six years, maybe longer; probably longer.

The finest illustrators are also the best craftsmen; learn your trade as



thoroughly as any plumber or carpenter.

Learn to do something with your hands besides drawing, like cabinet-making or repairing motors or sewing.

Writing is a valuable asset to the illustrator. Try to compose pictures or ideas in words. It compels you to think vigorously and clearly.

Specialize in the direction of your

most profound interest, but don't let that be an excuse for not finding out all you can about everything as you go along.

Study two or three aspects of life and the world until you know them thoroughly. There is just about enough time for that before you're carted away.

These few paragraphs barely touch the surface of an illustrators requirements. Art is long and getting longer. We have more general knowledge than the Old Masters and we must find out what to do with it. Most students cherish their minds so tenderly that they never have a chance to develop. Put them to work; they are capable of ten times more than you demand of them.

I haven't even gotten around to "inspiration." I suspect the old bromide about it being mostly hard work is the truth.

● ART FOR THE PUBLIC • Continued from page 7

purse. And he could very likely be proud of a few etchings or drawings.

The barber shop is, of course, a symbol. In millions of shops, offices, homes, even mills, the same trend is seen. The pictures are there, the artist, not.

The artist is not there because he has sold his birthright for a mess of patronage. He has had it drummed into him ceaselessly that art is for the select few; that the herd will never appreciate it. They will appreciate it soon enough if the artist will supply it for them to own—to grow to like.

Great traditions of art are full of instances in which the artist searched the people. Unlimited editions of prints by Goya, Daumier, Hogarth, Rem-

brandt, Duer, etc., were all sold to the people. Those people may not have realized or appreciated the extreme greatness of the work they bought, but they bought it—and liked it. It filled a need—a need for a picture.

Today it is an admittedly harder job for the artist. The competition may seem insurmountable. I do not believe that it is. I feel that if art is brought down from the ivory tower in which it has been self-imprisoned and mingles with life—if the artist becomes again a working member of society, consciously attempting to integrate himself in that society—there will be no need to criticize art schools or their methods of preparing young artists for a full and richly rewarded profession.



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